

TELEVISION  
TERROR

# TALES

FROM THE

# CRYPT



FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

TELEVISION  
TERROR



NO. 13  
SEPT

# TALES



200  
2<sup>TH</sup>  
CANADA

FROM THE

# CRYPT

FEATURING



THE GHOUL



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAMPIRE'S BRIDE



# BACK ISSUES!!

THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE FAMOUS (AND INFAMOUS!!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE FIRST ISSUE OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE BITTER END! GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND FILL IN THE GAPS IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



WEIRD #1



WEIRD #2



WEIRD #3



WEIRD #4



WEIRD #5



WEIRD #6



SHOCK #1



SHOCK #2



SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEA, HEH! ANOTHER FEW MONTHS... ANOTHER \$200... AND ANOTHER TALES FROM THE CRYPT, EN, SURELY  
BLAD TO SEE YOU! COME IN! COME INTO THE CRYPT OF TERROR! THIS IS YOUR HOST, THE CRYPT  
KEEPER, SPOOKS! I'VE CHOSEN A REAL MEATY TALE OF TERROR FROM MY COLLECTION TO START OFF  
MY BOOK! IT'S A FAVORITE OF MINE... ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL MAKE YOUR BLOOD FREEZE IN YOUR  
VEINS AND THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK CRAWL! I CALL THIS SHIVERY FARM...

## GROUNDS...FOR HORROR!



NO  
+3  
MID



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER SLAMMED THE CLOSET  
DOOR AND TURNED THE KEY! FROM WITHIN  
CAME THE MUFFLED SQUEALS OF THE BOY'S PITIFUL  
CRYING...

AND YOU'LL STAY IN THERE,  
YOUNG MAN! UNTIL I DECIDE  
TO LET YOU OUT!

P-P PLEASE,  
DADDY! DON'T  
LOCK ME IN AGAIN!  
I'LL BE GOOD!  
SOO... SOO?  
PLEASE! I  
PROMISE...



BEHIND ARTIE'S ANGRY STEP-FATHER STOOD A FINAL-LOOKING, SAD-FACED WOMAN! SHE SHOOK HER HEAD...HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS...

YOU... YOU SHOULDN'T, SAM! YOU SHOULDN'T LOVE HIM *IN* THERE EVERY TIME HE'S BAD! IT *FRIENTENS* HIM! IT ISN'T RIGHT!

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



SAMUEL SHICKER TURNED AND STAMPED OUT OF THE TINY APARTMENT, THROUGH A CURTAINED DOORWAY, INTO THE BUTCHER SHOP IN THE FRONT...

HE'S GOT TO LEARN TO OBEY! THE SHIRT IS SPOILED! HE NEEDS TO BE DISCIPLINED!

BUT LOCKING HIM IN A DARK CLOSET IS TOO HARSH.



SAM NEVER HEARD HIS WIFE'S OBJECTION! HE SWUNG OPEN THE HUGE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR DOOR AND STEPPED INSIDE! IN THE APARTMENT BEHIND THE STORE, LILY SHICKER STARED AT THE LOCKED CLOSET DOOR, LISTENING TO HER SON'S QUIET WHIMPERING...

POOR MATE! AND HE'S SO SCARED OF THE DARK!

SOS... SOS...



THEN ARTIE'S CHYING STOPPED! SILENCE CLOSED IN AROUND LILY! THE ONLY SOUND WAS THE HUM OF THE ELECTRIC MEAT-SHINDING MACHINE IN THE SHOP, AS SAM PREPARED AN ORDER OF CHOPPED-MEAT! SUDDENLY, ARTIE RIGGED...

TEE-HEE... EE-E-E!

HE... HE'S LAUGHING! THE LITTLE SCOUNDREL! HE'S NOT AFRAID AT ALL!



LILY SHRUGGED AND RETURNED TO HER HOUSE-WORK! FROM TIME TO TIME SHE WOULD STOP AND LISTEN! FROM THE CLOSET, SHE COULD HEAR ARTIE'S MUFFLED WHISPERS AND AN OCCASIONAL CHUCKLE...

LISTEN TO HIM! HE'S TALKING TO HIMSELF! HE'S PLAYING IN THERE!



AFTER A WHILE, ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER CAME IN FROM THE SHOP AND UNLOCKED THE DOOR! AS THE LIGHT STREAMED INTO THE CLOSET, CHASING THE DARKNESS BEHIND THE HANGING COATS AND FILED BONES, ARTIE BLINKED UP! HE SAT IN THE CORNER ON THE FLOOR... SMILING...

ALL RIGHT! SET UP! SET OUT! I HAVE AN ORDER FOR YOU TO DELIVER!

YES, DADDY!



MR. SHICKER TURNED AND STARTED TOWARD THE FRONT! AT THE CURTAINED DOORWAY HE LOOKED BACK! ARTIE WAS STANDING OUTSIDE THE CLOSET, WAIVING HIS CHUBBY LITTLE HAND AND WHISPERING INTO THE CLUTTERED ENCLOSURE...

BYE! I HOPE I SEE YOU AGAIN!

ARTIE!



ARTIE MOVED TOWARD HIS STEP-FATHER, HIS CURLY LITTLE EIGHT-YEAR OLD HEAD SCOWED. SAM BRIDGER BLARED DOWN AT HIM...

WHO IS BLAMING ME? IT'S NO ONE, YOU FALSHING TO, JUST THEM!

IT'S NO ONE, DADDY! I WUZ JUST PLAYIN'!



WELL, CUT IT OUT! HERE! YES, TAKE THIS ORDER OVER TO MRS. RAFFERTY, AND DON'T STOP TO TALK TO THE OTHER BRATS ON THE WAY!



ARTIE CURLED HIS ARM AROUND THE SPONGY SOFT BAG OF MEAT, AND BRIPPED OUT THE DOOR! HIS STEP-FATHER! SHOUTED AFTER HIM.

YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAR THE CHOPPING BLOCK WHEN YOU GET BACK, SO HURRY UP!

YES, DADDY!



ON HIS WAY BACK FROM DELIVERING MRS. RAFFERTY'S MEAT ORDER, ARTIE WAS STOPPED BY A FEW OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS...

HI, ARTIE! WE GOT A BUNCH OF HOE-AN-DO-BEER COOKED UP!

SEE, FELLERS, I CAN'T, IN, I GOTTA CLEAN THE CHOPPING BLOCK!



ARTIE! JUST FOR A LIL' WHILE!

IT WAS GETTING DARK WHEN ARTIE RETURNED TO THE BUTCHER SHOP! AS HE SHEEPISHLY ENTERED THE DOOR, HIS STEP-FATHER EXPLODED...

WHERE WERE YOU? YOU'VE BEEN GONE FOR OVER AN HOUR! YOU STOPPED TO PLAY, DIDN'T YOU? DIDN'T YOU?

YES, DADDY! THE KIDS ASKED...



SAM BRIDGER FLESHED THE WIRE-BRUSH AT HIS STEP-SON...

I TOLD YOU NOT TO STOP ON THE WAY! DIDN'T I? HERE! GET TO WORK! SCRUB THAT CHOPPING BLOCK SPOTLESS, HEAR ME? AFTER YOU'RE THROUGH, I'LL DEAL WITH YOU!



YES, DADDY! SOMMA PUT ME IN THE CLOSET AGAIN, DADDY?

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! YOU'LL LEARN TO BE OBEIENT FET, YOUNG MAN!

YES, DADDY!



YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTCHER'S CHOPPING BLOCK IS, DON'T YOU? IT'S THAT LITTLE TABLE ABOUT THREE FEET SQUARE AND A FOOT OR SO THICK THAT THEY DROP THE MEAT ON! AFTER A JUST OAT, IT'S PRETTY MESSY! THE WAY THEY CLEAR IT IS TO SCRAPPE THE BLOOD STAINS AND IMBEDDED MEAT WITH A WIRE BRUSH UNTIL ALL TRACES ARE GONE! IT'S A TOUGH JOB FOR A MAN, LET ALONE AN EIGHT-YEAR OLD!



AFTER AN HOUR OR MORE, ARTIE FINALLY FINISHED THE BACK-BREAKING TASK OF SCRUBBING THE BLOCK, AND ENTERED THE APARTMENT BREATHLESS.



I'M FINISHED, DADDY! ARE YOU GOING TO PUT ME IN THE CLOSET, NOW?

THAT'S RIGHT! AND WITHOUT SUPPER, TOO!



DEAR, DADDY!

SAM!

YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, MARTHA!

ARTIE OPENED THE CLOSET AND STEPPED IN! HE SAT DOWN UNTIL HE WAS CROSS-LEGGED ON THE CLUTTERED FLOOR! HE SMILED UP AT HIS STEP-FATHER.



I'M READY, DADDY!

NEXT TIME YOU'LL LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL YOU SOMETHING!

SAM! PLEASE! HE'S A BROWNING BOY! HE NEEDS HIS MEALS!

MR BRICKER SLAMMED THE DOOR! THERE WAS NO SOUND IN THE DIRTY APARTMENT BEHIND THE BUTCHER SHOP! HE TURNED THE KEY! STILL NO SOUND! ARTIE'S MOTHER GASPED.



HE... HE DIDN'T CRY! HE... HE SEEMED TO WANT TO BE LOCKED IN!

THE KID'S CRAZY!

I HET LISTENED FOR A MOMENT! ARTIE WAS WHISPERING TO HIMSELF BEHIND THE LOCKED DOOR! THEN HE SQUEELED...



SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, SAM BRICKER! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE? LISTEN TO HIM! HE TALKS TO HIMSELF! HE LAUGHS IN THERE! SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE WITH THIS... PUNISHMENT?

SAM! HE'S PUTTING ON AN ACT! HE'S TRYING TO KID US! HE'S SCARED STUFF!

SAM STARED OUT THROUGH THE CURTAINED DOORWAY...



I'M GOING OVER TO EDE'S TO PLAY CARDS! YOU CAN LET 'EM OUT AFTER A WHILE! BUT REMEMBER WHAT I SAID! NO SUPPER!

YES, SAM!

LILY LISTENED FOR THE TINKLE OF THE BELL AS EAM WENT OUT THROUGH THE BUTCHER SHOP! THEN SHE TURNED TO THE CLOSET! INSIDE, ARTIE WAS STILL CHATTERING AWAY IN LOW TONES! LILY TRIED TO MAKE OUT WHAT HE WAS SAYING...



ARTIE GASPED! THEN HE WISHED HIS IMAGINARY PLAYMATE! HIS MOTHER UNLOCKED THE CLOSET DOOR AND SWUNG IT OPEN! ARTIE SAT CROSS-LEGGED ON THE FLOOR GRINNING UP AT HER SMILY.



ARTIE PEERED OUT OF THE CLOSET, ABOUT THE THIN APARTMENT...



LILY PLACED THE GLASS OF MILK AND JAM-COVERED BREAD BEFORE HER SMALL SON! SHE SAT DOWN OPPOSITE HIM... STUDYING HIS FACE AS HE SULKED HIS FOOD.



YES! WHO IS IT? SOMEONE YOU MADE UP?

UH...UH! NOPE! HE'S REAL! HE LIVES THERE IN THE CLOSET!



REAL? NOW, ARTIE! WHY HE JUST IN YOUR IMAGINATION?

UH...UH! NOPE! HE WANTS TO PUNISH DADDY FOR PUNISHING ME! MOMMY LIVES WE!



ARTIE!

MY BAST!

BUT I SAID IT'S GRAY IF HE PUSHES DADDY SO HE FALLS DOWN HE HURTS HIMSELF A LITTLE! THAT'S GRAY, ISN'T IT, MOMMY?



ARTIE!

MY BAST!

BUT I SAID IT'S GRAY IF HE PUSHES DADDY SO HE FALLS DOWN HE HURTS HIMSELF A LITTLE! THAT'S GRAY, ISN'T IT, MOMMY?





LILY STARED AT HER SON... HER EYES FILLING WITH TEARS! POOR ARTIE! SAM HAS HURT HIM BY LOCKING HIM IN THE CLOSET. HUNT HIM BADLY! SUDDENLY, THE TIRBLE OF THE STORE BELL STARTLED HER! SHE JUMPED UP.



SAM BECKER STRODS ACROSS THE BANQUET-COVERED BUTCHER SHOP FLOOR AS HE CAME THROUGH THE CUM-TAINED DOORWAY.



SUDDENLY, SAM SPRAWLED FORWARD, BRIDING ON HIS FACE...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER GOT TO HIS KNEES CURSING...



LILY STARED IN HORROR AT THE MISCHIEVOUS LOOK ON HER YOUNG SON'S FACE.



ARTIE GRINNED! SAM CAUGHT HIS STEP-SON'S EXPRESSION...



ARTIE'S STEP-FATHER DRESSED HIS SON BY HIS SHIRT COLLAR AND SHOVED HIM INTO THE CLOSET...



SAM SPUR AROUND, BLARING AT HIS WIFE...

YOU SHUT UP!  
I'LL HANDLE  
THIS MY WAY!

PLEASE, SAM!  
YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT  
YOU'RE  
DOING!



SAM STRODE INTO THE SHOP AND  
FLUNG OPEN THE MEAT-REFRIG-  
ERATOR DOOR...

YOU LEAVE HIM IN  
THERE, LILY! I'M GOING  
TO SLICE UP A SLAB  
OF BEEF FOR  
TOMORROW...

YES,  
SAM!



LILY LISTENED FOR THE WHIR OF  
THE SLICING MACHINE! FINALLY IT  
STARTED! SHE EDGED TOWARD THE  
GLOSET... LISTENING...

UH-OH! NOPE! NOT  
TIGHT! THAT'S TOO  
TERRIBLE! HUH?  
WH. FINGER? GREAT!

ARTIE!  
DADDY!



SUDDENLY THE BUTCHER SHOP BEYOND THE CUR-  
TAINED DOOR THAT WAS FILLED WITH A BLOOD-  
CURDLING SCREAM...

EEEEAAAAAAGH!

SAM!



LILY DARTED ACROSS THE APARTMENT, THROUGH  
THE SHOP, AND INTO THE REFRIGERATOR! SAM STOOD  
HOWLING BEFORE THE WHIRRING SLICING MACHINE...  
A HANDKERCHIEF DUTCHED AROUND ONE HAND...

SAM! WHAT  
HAPPENED?

GET ME A DOCTOR, LILY!  
QUICKLY! I'VE CUT  
OFF THE TIP OF MY  
FINGER!



IT WAS DIFFICULT FOR SAM BRICKER TO DO HIS  
WORK IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED! LOOPING OFF  
THE LAST JOINT OF A FINGER CAN BE QUITE PAINFUL!  
OF COURSE, HE WAS CRABBER THAN EVER...

YOU HEARD ME? THAT  
BLOOD'S NOT CLEAN!  
I SAID SCRUB IT  
**CLEAN!**

L...L RUBBED  
AS HARD AS I  
COULD, DADDY!



IT WAS ABOUT A WEEK LATER THAT IT HAPPENED!  
SAM HAD SENT LILY OFF TO A MOVIE THAT NIGHT!  
HE'D LOST HIS TEMPER WITH ARTIE...

I'M GOING TO BEAT YOU  
WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR  
LIFE, YOUNG MAN! THEN  
I'M GOING TO LOCK YOU  
IN THAT GLOSET TILL YOUR  
MOTHER COMES HOME!

PLEASE, DADDY!  
DON'T! DON'T  
HIT ME!  
HOOR WONT  
LIVE IT!



WHEN LILY CAME HOME LATE THAT NIGHT, AS SHE OPENED THE SHOP DOOR, SHE HEARD ARTIE CRYING HISTERICALLY IN THE CLOSET...



ARTIE "MY BABY! MY BABY!"

SHE RAN TO THE CLOSET AND OPENED IT! ARTIE LOOKED UP AT HER WITH TEAR-FILLED RED EYES. I TRIED TO STOP HOJIN... SOB... SOB! HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!



HOJIN SOB... SOB! HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!

WHAT HAPPENED, DARLING?

DADDY HIT ME! IT MADE HOJIN ANGRY! HOJIN SAID HE'D DO IT THIS TIME! I COULDN'T STOP HIM!



DO WHAT? TELL ME!

SUDDENLY LILY HEARD THE HUMMING... THE HUMMING OF A MOTOR...



HOJIN SAID... SOB... SAID HE WAS GOING TO DO THE FERRISLE THING! AND THEN I HEARD DADDY SCREAMING!

ARTIE WHAT'S THAT HOJIN?

IT'S THE MEAT-GRINDER, MOMMY! HOJIN PUT DADDY IN THE MEAT GRINDER!



GOOD LORD!

LILY RUSHED TO THE MEAT-REFRIGERATOR! THE MEAT-GRINDER WAS ON... AND HUMMING! BELOW IT, ON THE FROSTY FLOOR, WAS A HUGE PILE OF RAW CHOP-NEST...



EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

I... I... TRIED TO STOP HIM, MOMMY! HOJIN WAS ANGRY... ANGRY! ANGRY!

HEH... HEH? YEP, KIDDIES! THAT'S THE STORY! HOJIN MADE BRUCE-MEAT OUT OF ARTIE'S STEP-DADDY! WELL! HE WASN'T MUCH GOOD, ANYWAY! THE ONLY MARRIED LILY TO GET THE DOWN TO OPEN THE BUTCHER SHOP! THE DOUGH THAT ARTIE'S REAL DADDY LEFT THEM! OF COURSE... SAM NEVER INTENDED TO END UP SO... SO INVOLVED IN HIS WORK! BY THE WAY! NEXT TIME YOU EAT A HAMBURGER, DON'T LOOK TOO HARD! YOU MIGHT FIND A BOLD FOOTW IN IT... SAM'S! AND NOW, I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THE MEAT-KEEPER! SEE YOU LATER!



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

HEH, HEH! YEP! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND, THE VAULT-KEEPER, AMBERKING! I SEE MY HOST, C.E., HAA FINISHED HIS... YOU SHOULD PARDON THE EXPRESSION... 'HORROR' STORY, AND NOW IT'S MY TURN! WELL, I'M READY! ARE YOU? GOT THE SMELLING SALTS HANDY? GOOD! YOU'LL NEED THEM BEFORE YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THIS SPINE-TINGLER I CALL...

## A ROTTIN' TRICK!



CLINT AXTON MADE HIS WAY NERVOUSLY DOWN THE DARK WINDING STREET OF THE LITTLE SNEAK SEAPORT TOWN! FROM TIME TO TIME, HE WOULD STOP IN THE SHADOWS OF A DOORWAY... LISTENING FOR THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HIM! HE WAS BEING FOLLOWED... HE KNEW THAT! THEY'D TRAILED HIM TO THE WATERFRONT AREA. THEY WERE NOT ON HIS HEELS! HE WIPED HIS PERSPIRING FACE, GASPING FOR BREATH...



AND THEN HE REMEMBERED **NICK!** **ESSIE** HAD TOLD HIM **NICK** WAS A FISHERMAN! **NICK** HAD A **BOAT!** **NICK** COULD HELP HIM! **CLINT** BARTED ACROSS THE ROAD THAT RAN BESIDE THE WHARVES...



**"NICK! THAT'S IT! HE COULD SET ME OUT OF THE COUNTRY BY BOAT!"**

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS CLACKED OVER THE COBBLESTONES BEHIND AERON! THEY WERE GETTING CLOSER, NOW! HE HAD TO HIDE! LATER, IF THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM, HE'D LOOK FOR **NICK**...



**"THERE'S A SKIFF TIED UP DOWN THERE WITH A TARPULIN ROLLED UP! I'LL HIDE THERE!"**

**CLINT** SWORE HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE OF THE WHARF AND DROPPED INTO THE SKIFF AS NOISELESSLY AS HE COULD! HE UNFURLED THE CANVAS AND, CURLING HIMSELF UP IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT COVERED HIMSELF WITH IT...



**"LORD! I'M TIRED! BEEN HURRING FOR TWO DAYS! GOT TO BE STILL NOW...CAN'T ATTRACT ATTENTION!"**

**CLINT** HELD HIS BREATH AS THE VOICES AND FOOTSTEPS DREW NEAR! HE COULD HEAR THEM HESITATE OVERHEAD ON THE WHARF, TALKING TO EACH OTHER IN LOW TONES! A FLASH OF LIGHT STREAMED IN THROUGH A TINY HOLE IN THE TARPULIN, AND **CLINT** KNEW THEY WERE COVERING THE PIER AND ITS GOATS WITH A FLASHLIGHT...



**"THEY'D KILL ME ON SIGHT IF THEY SPOTTED ME!"**

**CLINT** LOOKED AT HIS WATCH! IT WAS THREE-THIRTY! SOON IT WOULD BE SETTING LIGHT AND THE FISHERMEN WOULD BE COMING DOWN TO THEIR BOATS! HE'D LOOK FOR **NICK** THEN! **CLINT** LIT A CIGARETTE AND BEGAN PUFFING IT! HE LAY BACK, HIS HEAD ON THE SKIFF'S STEER-SEAT, AND SMILED...



**"SHE WAS ALL RIGHT, ESSIE! REAL BORNEOUS BABE! YEAN... I LIKED THAT DOLL!"**

THEN THE VOICES AND THE FOOTSTEPS DIED AWAY, AND **CLINT** BREATHED A SIGH OF RELIEF! SOON ONLY THE LAPPING OF THE WATER AND THE CREAKING OF THE PULERS COULD BE HEARD! **CLINT** THREW BACK THE CANVAS AND LOOKED UP AT THE STARRY SKY...



**"NICK'S MY ONLY HOPE! HE'S THE ONLY ONE I CAN TURN TO!"** I WONDER, I WONDER IF HE STILL HATES ME OVER WHAT HAPPENED TO **ESSIE!**

**CLINT** MET **ESSIE** RIGHT THERE IN THAT BEACON TOWN ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO! HE'D HIRED A TOURING CAN IN ATHENS AND COME DOWN THE COAST LOOKING FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! HE'D MADE HIS ROUNDS OF THE WATERFRONT JOINTS AND THEN HE'D SEEN HER! THE CHEAP TWO-BIT SARD HAD ALMOST DROWNED BUT HER VOICE... BUT THE SPOTLIGHT'S REVEALED ALL THAT **CLINT'S** BEEN INTERESTED IN...



**"BEST! WAITER! WILL YOU GIVE THIS NOTE TO THAT YOUNG LADY WHO'S SINGING?"**

**"YES, SIR! SOON AS SHE'S THROUGH!"**

AFTER HER SONG, EDDIE'D COME TO CLINT'S TABLE.



I.. I RECEIVED YOUR NOTE!

SO I SEE? WON'T YOU... SIT DOWN?

EVEN IN THAT SMOKE-FILLED DIVE, EDDIE'D LOOKED LIKE A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STAR...

YOU'RE AN AMERICAN AREN'T YOU?

YES! IS MY BREEK THAT BAD?



NO! YOU SPEAK IT QUITE WELL! IT IS YOUR CLOTHES THAT IS NOW I CAN TELL!

YOU'RE A CLEVER GIRL, MISS... MISS... ER... WHAT IS YOUR NAME?



IT IS A VERY LONG, VERY HARD NAME TO PRONOUNCE! BUT YOU CAN CALL ME EDDIE!

MY NAME'S CLINTON ASHTON! GALL ME CLINT! WOULD YOU HAVE LUNCH WITH ME TOMORROW, EDDIE?



I.. I DON'T KNOW! I DON'T THINK SO! IF RICK WERE TO FIND OUT...

RICK? WHO'S RICK? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE MARRIED?



NOT AS YET! RICK AND I ARE ENGAGED! WE ARE TO BE MARRIED AS SOON AS HE HAS PAID OFF THE BOAT!

THE BOAT? OH YOUR BOYFRIEND'S A FISHERMAN?



YES! AND VERY JEALOUS! HE HAS INSISTED THAT AS SOON AS WE ARE MARRIED, I STOP WORKING!

BUT YOU'RE NOT MARRIED YET, EDDIE! I STILL HAVE A CHANCE!



THAT NIGHT, CLINT'D CHECKED IN AT THE TOWN'S ONLY HOTEL! AS HE'D UNEXPECTED FOR HER...



SHE'S A COOL NAME! FAYE IS GOING TO BE FUN!

THAT'S THE WAY CLINTON BANTON HAD ALWAYS BEEN! WITH THE INHERITANCE HE'D GOTTEN FROM HIS WEALTHY FATHER, CLINT'D TAKEN TO TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD MAKING "CONQUESTS" ESSE WAS TO BE JUST ANOTHER NAME ON HIS ALREADY LENGTHY LIST! THE NEXT DAY...



ESSIE! DO YOU OUD COME!

YES! I KNOW I SHOULDN'T HAVE, BUT...

CLINT'D TAKEN HER HAND...

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT! PLEASE! COULD YOU? LAST NIGHT SOMETHING HAPPENED... BETWEEN YOU AND I... SOMETHING WONDERFUL!



THEY'D GONE FOR A DRIVE, HE AND ESSIE! THEY'D DRIVER OUT OF TOWN AND UP INTO THE MOUNTAINS WHERE THEY'D BE SAFE FROM PRISING EYES.



IF PLEASE, CLINT I HARDLY KNOW YOU! PLEASE!

YOU KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW, ESSIE! YOU KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU! LET'S NOT FIGHT IT!

IT'D BEEN AS EASY AS THAT! CLINT HAD A WAY WITH WOMEN! HE KNEW IT! IN FACT, ESSIE'D BEEN A PUNISHER! BUT SHE'D BEEN PRETTIER THAN MOST, SO CLINT'D HUNG AROUND LONGER THAN USUAL! THEN ONE DAY, COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN FROM ONE OF THEIR DAILY DRIVES...



THE BRAKES! THEY WON'T HOLD! THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!

EEEEEEEEE!

JUST BEFORE THE GARDENING CAR PLUMBED OVER THE EMBANKMENT, CLINT'D JUMPED CLEAR! ESSE WENT DOWN WITH THE CAR, SPINNING OVER AND DYING.



SHE'D BEEN EARLY HURT! CLINT'S GOTTEN AWAY WITH A FEW SCRATCHES! THAT NIGHT, CLINT'D MET MISS FOR THE FIRST TIME! HE'D COME TO CLINT'S HOTEL ROOM...



LOOK, MISS! I'M SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO LORNA! I TRIED TO STOP! THE BRAKES...

SHE SHE WILL BE DISAPPOINTED FOR LIFE, MR BANTON! HER FACE HAS BEEN SOO SOO



"YES! I KNOW, NICK! I SPOKE TO THE DOCTOR! BUT... WHY DID YOU COME HERE TONIGHT?"

"YOU, YOU WILL MARRY HER STILL, EN, MR ASHTON? THIS WILL NOT MAKE A DIFFERENCE?"



"MARRY HER? DON'T BE A FOOL, NICK! I NEVER INTENDED TO MARRY HER!"

"WHAT? BUT SHE TOLD ME... WHEN SHE GAVE ME BACK THE RING? SHE SAID YOU'D TALKED ABOUT IT?"



"TALK IS GREAT, NICK! BESIDES, I'D BE A FOOL TO MARRY HER, NOW?"

"THEN YOU NEVER LOVED HER, EN? THIS WAS JUST... A GAME WITH YOU?"



"THAT'S RIGHT, NICK! JUST A GAME! NOW THE GAME'S OVER, CALLED BECAUSE OF FAIR? AND I'M BITTIN' THE ROAD!"

"YOU ARE NO GOOD, MR. ASHTON!"



"MARRY THE GIRL YOURSELF, NICK!"

"I WILL... IF SHE WILL HAVE ME!"

THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED! CLINT'D HOPPED A TRAIN NORTH... OUT OF EDDIE'S AND NICK'S LIVES! NOW, CLINT WONDERED WHAT NICK WOULD SAY WHEN THEY'D MEET! OVERHEAD, THE SKY WAS LIGHTENING! DARK WAS COMING UP!

CLINT COMBED THE WATERFRONT SEARCHING THE SLEEPY FACES FOR NICK! FINALLY HE SPOTTED HIM, WORKING OVER THE ENGINE OF HIS SMALL BUT STURDY-LOOKING CRAFT.



"IT'S GETTING LIGHT! I BETTER START LOOKING FOR NICK!"



"YES, NICK! IT'S ME! CLINTON ASHTON! I'M IN TROUBLE, NICK! BAD TROUBLE! I NEED HELP! EYE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS COUNTRY!"

"A WOMAN? AGAIN, MR. ASHTON?"



"YES! HOW DID YOU KNOW?"

"I GUESSED! CAN YOU PAY?"

"HOW MUCH? I'VE GOT ONE THOUSAND LIRA WITH ME, BUT I CAN RAISE MORE!"

"IT WILL BE ENOUGH, MR. ASHTON! GET BELOW, BEFORE SOMEONE SEES YOU!"

SOON THE LITTLE FISHING VESSEL'S ENGINE BEGAN TO SPUTTER, THEN HUN HEAD-ON-GRINDINGLY! BELOW DECK, CLINT FELT THE CRAFT BEGIN TO MOVE AWAY FROM ITS WHARF AND OUT INTO THE ROLLING SEA...

"IS IT SAFE TO COME UP, NICK?"

"ALL RIGHT NOW, MR. ASHTON!"

CLINT LOOKED BACK AT THE RECEIVING BRECK MAINLAND.

"WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME, NICK?"

"I KNOW AN ISLAND, NOT FAR, SEVERAL HOURS... WHERE YOU WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF UNTIL YOUR TROUBLES BACK THERE PASS!"

THE BOAT ROLLED AND PITCHED, MOVING FORWARD THROUGH THE CHOPPY SEA...

"IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO DO THIS FOR ME, NICK... AFTER WHAT HAPPENED?"

"WHAT'S SOME, I CANNOT BE WORSE, MR. ASHTON!"

THEY SAILED IN SILENCE ACROSS THE TORMING BLUE WATER! SOON A SMALL ISLAND ROSE LIKE A SPECK ON THE HORIZON, GROWING STEADILY LARGER...

CLINT PRESSED THE THOUSAND LIRA INTO NICK'S HAND AS THE BOAT REINTE THE ISLAND'S SHORE-LINE AND ENTERED A SMALL WHITE-BEACHED BAY.

"IS THAT IT, NICK? IS THAT THE ISLAND?"

"YES, MR. ASHTON! THAT IS WHERE I AM TAKING YOU!"

"HERE, NICK! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! AND THANKS!"

"THANK YOU, MR. ASHTON! YOU CAN MAKE TO SHORE FROM HERE! THEY WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU!"

CLINT SLIPPED OVER THE SIDE OF NICK'S BOATBECK WAS RIGHT! THE WATER WAS WAIST-HIGH! CLINT STARTED TO WADE TOWARD THE WHITE BEACH...

NICK'S BOAT BEGAN TO DRIFT...

THE GAP BETWEEN THEM WIDENED...

CLINT WAS NEARING THE BEACH! THEY HAD TO SHOUT TO HEAR EACH OTHER...



OH, BY THE WAY, NICK, I FORGOT TO ASK YOU...

YES, MR. ASHTON?



HOW'S ESSIE?

ESSIE?



YES? NOW AS SHE? YOU TWO EVER GET MARRIED?

NO, MR. ASHTON!



SEE, THAT'S YOUR BAD, NICK! WHY NOT?

BECAUSE SHE FILLED HERSELF, MR. ASHTON!

CLINT SPUN AROUND! NICK HAD STARTED THE ENGINE! THE SMALL BOAT WAS TURNING AND HEADING FOR THE OPEN SEA...



NICK! NICK! WHEN WILL YOU COME BACK FOR ME?

NEVER... MR. ASHTON!

CLINT STOOD THERE ON THE WHITE SAND, WATCHING THE BOAT DISAPPEAR OVER THE HORIZON! THEN HE TURNED! TWO PASTY-FACED MEN STOOD BEFORE HIM! ONE OF THEM EXTENDED A LUMPY HAND! NICK TOOK IT AND THEY SHOOK HANDS WARMLY...



WELCOME, MY FRIEND! WELCOME TO THE ISLAND OF SIRRA!

HELLO! MY NAME'S CLINT. MR. WHAT DID YOU SAY?

COME, EVERYBODY! WE HAVE A NEW ADDITION TO OUR SOCIETY!

THEY CAME FROM BEHIND THE TREES AND BUSHES THAT BORDERED THE WHITE BEACH! THEY CAME WITH THEIR FETTERING SCORNS, THEIR ASH-WHITE SKIN, THEIR BLOATED FEATURES! THEY GATHERED AROUND CLINT, TOUCHING HIM, EXAMINING HIM CURIOUSLY! HORRIBLY DISTORTED REMAINS OF HUMANITY, BRINKING... GURGLING! SOME BLIND... SOME WITH FINGERS SOME... LEGS WITHERED AWAY... ANKS BOTTED OFF! THEY BELONGED HIM!



WELCOME TO SIRRA!

SIRRA! GOOD LORD! THIS IS THE LEPER COLONY!

HEY, HEY! AND THERE'S NO GETTING AWAY FROM IT EITHER, CLINT! THAT'S WHY NICK SAYS HE'S NEVER COMING BACK FOR YOU! YOU GOT IT, BOO... LEPROSY, THAT IS! BUT! DON'T YOU SHAKE HANDS WITH 'EM! DIDN'T THEY FONDLE YOU? COME, COME, CLINT! NO USE COMING TO PIECES! RIGHT AWAY! YOU WILL... IN DUE TIME, ANYWAY! AND NOW, KIDDIES, I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE CRIPP-KEEPER! 'EYE! SEE YOU NEXT IN MY DIRT HALL, THE VAULT OF HORROR!





# THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Crypt-Keeper

I really like the story in CRYPT #11, "Well-Cooked Hamer"  
I guess what goes around comes around

Orlando Garcia

1728 W Superior  
Chicago, IL 60622

Especially on a restaurant!

—CR

In CRYPT #10 you made a mistake. Under your "AMF"  
column you said I was from Texas? Caught you!

CRYPT #10 was a good issue. "Bargain in Death" was an  
excellent story. Said it all. "Anita in her Tracks" was  
pretty boring and the worst story in the book. "A-Corny  
Story" wasn't that good. No offense, but you can do  
better. "The Ventriloquist's a Dummy?" was a good story. I  
really liked the end.

John Brown

Harrison, TN

I like what you look like on the show better than in the  
comic. I like dead zombies better than living people. How  
come the Old Witch looks the oldest?

James Frutbo

Agawam, MA

That's what I need—leading questions!

—CR

Once or twice on your show you referred to your pet  
named Scab. What exactly is Scab? And how might I one  
day become an accomplished Scab, snail, like you? Your  
writing mixes of the darkness,

Jeffrey Fan, age 15

Orlando, FL

Scab is a crusty 87' devil, hired during the extra-  
series.

—CR

Though I'm not a fan of comics, I love all the ECs (except  
WEIRD SCIENCE and FANTASY). In France it is very  
difficult to find some of it or they cost too much. In  
addition we cannot get back issues!

I have known " Tales from the Crypt" by the TV show, but  
today I prefer the comics. I'm a new fan, tell me how I can  
[get] your [comics]. Does a catalogue exist?

To the Crypt-Keeper: You are hell, very bad and I love it!  
[You] are better than Asafic & O'Brien. I love your  
concept!

David Gilis

Montreal, FRANCE

All back issues are available, check the end of the  
album. Order lots at once and minimize shipping  
costs. Better than "Astari's" T. Wood

—CR

What comic book is Damon Knight in? Do you know  
anything about a fan club? What comic book is "Split  
Personality" in?

Now I want to tell you about my finger nails. I paint them  
black in honor of you. I also have blood red lips!

Tanager Private

Cowpens, SC

Damon Knight is in his original EC comic. They made  
him up. "Split Personality" is in VAULT #30 (will be  
our #18). [Blood red lipstick is better than lips sticky  
with red blood—or is it?]

—CR

I am writing because in your last issue there was a letter  
from someone using my name. I was not amused. I have  
disposed of the impostor. Anyone else who attempts it will  
suffer the same fate. There is only one Damon of the Dark  
and it's me!

Dark Damon

address unknown

Who is the Dark Damon? Is he some kind of EC joke?  
Please print my address.

Pete Annett, age 10

10 Lambert St  
Washington, NJ 07752

We're not sure who he is, but we figure he's not to be  
mess'd with!

—CR

I've been collecting all the EC horror comic books and I  
have exactly 40 issues. I've also looked through other  
comic books some lesser known titles by DC and other  
stuff but nothing else has quite the unique, original,  
creative, eye-catching, innovative writing or art styles as  
EC. EC has got to be the most worthwhile, entertaining,  
get-it-your-money's-worth comic around.

Audrey Sheehan

address unknown

1) Did Sam Wrightson draw some stories for EC? 2)  
Who is the creator of The Crypt-Keeper?

Mario Gioia Coto

Barcelona, SPAIN

EC produces Wrightson by 18 years, but Sam's work  
never reach to inspire EC stuff. I guess I'm 80%  
Gaines, 20% Paltridge—and all-boy!

—CR

## MORE HBO STUFF

Thanks to David Lowery I for shedding some light on this  
whole "Alec Cadaver" mystery. And I have to agree with  
Chad Kuehns. "You, Murderer" was totally brilliant!  
Also if anyone wants to buy some "Crypt" cards, I've got  
quite a few packs, so get in touch with me.

Was HBO a "The Man Who Was Death" based on "A  
Shocking Hey to Die" in CRYPT #6?

Please continue to print my address and if anyone out  
there wants to buy some cards, or get in touch via mail,  
write to me.

Myron James

RR 4 Box 141  
Rockville, IN 47872

We've seen only one HBO episode ("The Reluctant  
Vampire"), but assume "Man" was based on  
the story of the same name in CRYPT 1.

—CR

If you want you can put me in your comic. I always wanted  
to be a vampire or a zombie. I send you my picture so you  
know what I look like. But don't show it to anyone else!  
Please print my [address]

Dominic Zakrawed

81-27 66 RD  
Maneth, NY 11078

I looked at your picture—maybe you should try out  
for Ghoul!

—CR

I really enjoyed CRYPT #11, the artwork by Joe Orlando in "Madon Bluebeard" was in my opinion, some of his best! "Return" was a good story. Wasn't there a story called "Return" in one of your worst comics?

A few things I noticed in this issue: You completely left out all of the greetings such as "Dear CRYPT-keeper" I guess this was because you received many letters and had to make room. Also, I noticed that you now are publishing at a different place. Please print my address.

Brandon Hendrix P.O. Box 117  
Broken Bow, OK 74735

A "Return" was in W SC 8 (and a "Return Show" in CRIME 22, a "Round Trip" in W-S-P 8, and a complete turnaround in "Revolution" in ZPST 11). —CK

Whaddya hear whaddya say? I just put down Tales from the Crypt #12 and all I can say is "Wow!" I'm impressed! Agony!

"A-Comy Story" had to be my favorite. I don't know why. It wasn't as spooky as the others. Maybe because you were the narrator. Crypt!

How about making another EC title that adapts your Saturday morning cartoons? Please? Pretty please? Ugly please? Please print my address (don't give it to Professor van Helsing, though, huh). And doubt this never, "Blood is thicker than water" and further, too!"

Tony Martinez 6041 S California AV  
Chicago, IL 60629

I love your comics! My mom isn't too crazy about you, though. I'm a big horror fan. I watch CARIE SHADOWS and stuff like that.

[Your] TV shows are okay, but nothing can match the original stories. The movie that was made back in 1972 is dumb. You had Patrick Burkard (that Mike Miller said I was dumb).

I would like to ask you if you could give me some tips for a book I'm writing. It's about 5 strangers that try to fight off zombies that are attacking New York City. So far, the book isn't scary.

Could you give me some ideas on how to make my horror look like yours?

Mike Miller Middletown, PA

Sure! Deal your rooms weekly. I see two busts of you, at least. —CK

In the original "Crypt" movie (1972) what is the title of the story that stars the great Peter Cushing as old Arthur Grimblyke, and in which issue does it appear in? You may print my address.

Alan Raine Fern House  
22 Pinesworth RD  
Sedroon Durham  
DH7 6PB ENGLAND

According to my notes (made in the dark), that's "Peculiar Justice" from HAUNT 12. They changed the names to protect the guilty! —CK

I must say I was overjoyed with this issue of CRYPT. It's the only issue—not Mike! Mike that the only comic I've ever read of the way through and been totally satisfied with every single story! Please print my address. (Over notice that the Crypt-keeper's mummy in "Lower Birth" looks just like the HBO Crypt-keeper with black hair?) Freakingly yours

Myron James RR #802 141  
Rockville, IN 47872

Watch for the "Birth" announcement in our CRYPT 17 (or jump the gun and get GLAD CRYPT 1). —CK

HBO's "Abeo Casaver". That show has changed many of the stories to the point where they have absolutely no resemblance to the original story whatsoever. In some cases, such as "Three's a Crowd," I think that HBO actually improved on the original story. But in other stories it seems like someone's big ego just got in the way of us getting to see a good story. But as far as I know, "Abeo" is the only story where they changed the title. In terms of plot, this story most closely resembles the story "Dead Right" from CRYPT (original EC) 27, which will be your number 21.

Warren Standling Sunnyvale, CA

Will there ever be any (HBO "Crypt") episodes released on video? Due to my unfortunate financial crisis, I was forced to cancel my cable TV. If you print my letter (you have my permission) I will give you my first born child—or a check for five bucks.

Elaine Ralbe Gilbert, AZ

I like to pass up books, but I don't know. Readers? —CK

I'm writing this letter in regards to your HBO "Crypt" cards. You see, I'm missing card number 25 from my collection. If you have any information on this I would really like to know! Enough about your cards, and more about your comics! They're simply wonderful, just like the old Vault-keeper's tales! Your covers are great, bright, and full of detail. Jack (Jackie) is the best (at least I think) at drawing you. Al Feldstein is great at drawing people's faces and bodies. Karen is still the best I think. Your fan and reader, Grant Smith, age 11 Stamford, CT

I think you are an extremely easy combo. The only thing I don't understand is that you look different on TV (even better).

One more thing ALIEN and PUMPKIN HEAD, have nothing on you. I am free for a date anytime, I'm looking for an older man zombie with lots of money. I AM a female so don't get nervous.

Tomorrow is Mardi Gras, so "Happy Mardi Gras!" from New Orleans!

C. Delaine 21 Marrero, LA

You are a female; that's what makes me nervous. A date in New Orleans would make being a zombie worth it (ok, that was weird). —CK



IANF (I also heard from):  
Denny Epping B Lewisburg, OH  
Jeffrey Jones, Jr. ("print my address")  
4235 Seneca BLVD Seneca, PA 16020  
Dave Kelly Tappan, NJ  
Andy Kimble ("print my address")  
215 S Heritage DR Niles, IL 60447  
Markus (Killer Kid) Lavender

address unknown  
Jess Lovelace Anchorage, AK  
Derek McKeane Houston, TX  
Chris (POG) Paskay address unknown  
Darren Sanders Pueblo, CO  
Jonathan Smith Houston, TX  
Derek Stood Atlanta, GA  
Renee Wille Tempe, AZ  
Andreas Witting, age 9 Jamaica, NY

I am 60% of Tania Berarowsky - who wrote to you guys complaining about CRYPT #10. So what if the ending of your story "Political Pull?" was unrealistic?

Half of your stories are, but they're still good. A true CRYPT fan would like their lot and stand by their comic knowing that some stories are good and some stories are bad.

If it's true that everyone is entitled to their own opinion and this is mine. The next time somebody has something bad to say about your guys, they can write to me (please print my address). My friends agree with me and so does my family.

Rosalee Ent

7 Park St  
Shortsville, NY 14548

Your movie DEMON NIGHT, indeed buff! I liked the part where he "I" saw it the first day it came out, at the movies. Everyone kept on clapping at a cool part. I want to know why it wasn't scary. I thought the movie was funny! I also got HALLOW #10. I liked "Bum Steer". I have a Crypt-Keeper doll and I put a bandage on it so it would look like me.

Name unknown

address unknown

\* wanted "issues" it pressed over ME last!

Why not get a first deal and put a BARBARA on it so it'd look like The Old Witch? —CK

The first thing I do when I get a new issue is look at the letter column or "Crypt-Keeper's Corner." Tell whoever does the Crypt-Keeper (they are) very funny! Sometimes I find myself laughing out loud.

By the way in issue #8, what was the size of a bed sheet? A poster? I'm making a comic. I'll send you [a copy].

Joey Dunn

Palm Desert, Ca

Aha! I do MY OWN letters/columns, and damn right I'm screaming! In CRYPT 3, I was talking about the tabloid-sized (about 10" by 13") EXTRA-LARGE CRYPT. We still have copies of the only issue, so give the usual ad.

—CK

I don't normally like to read, but I really enjoy reading your chilling tales of terror - along with those of your colleagues The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch. Even more, I like to watch your TV show. You look better on TV than in your comic. Do you think you'll ever have The Vault-Keeper and The Old Witch as guests on your TV show? That would be cool! Your friend,

Matt Jensen

Reverie, OH

Sure, they can be on my show—when I run a doubleheader! Nah, nah! —CK

#### NEXT ISSUE



I love CRYPT comics. I get any DC comic I can. I hear there is a new series of HBO CRYPT cards coming out. Did anyone at the DC comics have anything to do with "Ganon Knight"? Please print my address so people can write to me. I need someone to talk to in my town. I am ten years old.

Pete Annuli

10 Lambert St  
Washington NJ 07062

Nah, we don't work on the movie and TV stuff. They succeed or fail on their own. Of course, if they increase interest in the comics... —CK

I like your terror stories, especially the "The Living Corpse" (CRYPT 3). It was so good. He strangled her, then he has bad nightmares. In fact I liked the whole book.

Greg Lloyd

Towson, UT

Er, to be clear, the guy who gets strangled had the bad nightmares. To be fair, that was one of our more disjointed presentations (you'll note I didn't do a personal introduction). Wood's nightmares saved the story, if you ask me. They're so cool! —CK

#### PASSED YOUR EYES DEPT.

Did you catch the original DC error I mentioned left in this comic? In one of the stories, there is a misplaced "name" which was not removed after a word balloon was corrected and before the art was added. Heh-heh!

#### NEXT ISSUE



Also available this month are WEIRD SCIENCE and ECHOES, which for NAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED read more. Don't forget about PROCLAIMING COMBAT and OWNS. See them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE your ad in this month for details!

BACK ISSUES CRYPT #1 (outprint to availability), \$2 each. All others up thru issue #6, \$1.95 each. Issues #7 and up \$2 each. Don't forget the limited 11-issue run of WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY-SCIENCE FICTION! Just \$1 per copy (10¢ outside US) for \$66.

Write for  
CRYPT  
DEPARTMENT  
POB 448  
WEST PLAINS MO 65755

#### THIS COMIC REPRINTS

TALES FROM THE CRYPT "FBI" (#12, APR/MAY '82)

COVER by Jack Davis

"Grounds for Horror"

"A Better Trick"

"Road to Death"

"A Sucker for a Spider"

Jack Davis

Joe Orlando

Jack Kamen

Graham Ingels

We warrant stories in this comic to be accurate and entertaining, printed in America unless we say otherwise. We warrant that we will accept no advertising unless we can prove that it is clearly worth your ad. No guarantee. We warrant a knowledgeable selection of offers. It is up to you to read your selections of the national ads.



HERE'S THE CHILLING TALE OF  
A GAL WHO FOUND SHE WAS...

# BOARD To DEATH!



Jack  
Kramer

THE BUZZING...THE IMCESSANT DRONING...HAMMERED INTO MYRNA'S EARS AS SHE CAME TO! SHE FELT HER HEART POUNDING IN HER CHEST, MATCHING THE RISE AND FALL OF THE CONTINUOUS HUMMING! MYRNA OPENED HER EYES BUT SHE SAW NOTHING! ONLY A VOID OF BLACK FILLED WITH THE EAR-SPLITTING ROAR! SHE FELT DIZZY AND BOM...

WHAT...WHERE...WHERE  
AM I?



MYRNA TRIED TO MOVE! ACROSS HER CHEST A BAND OF SOMETHING TAUT DOG IN? HER LEGS WERE FASTENED ALSO! MYRNA SCAPED! SHE WAS TIED UP! THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED! MYRNA MOVED HER HAND! HER HAND WAS FREE! SHE REACHED UP INTO THE DRONING DARKNESS AND TOUCHED SOMETHING... SOMETHING FLAT AND HARD ABOVE HER! FEAR CLUTCHED AT MYRNA'S HEART NOW! SHE REACHED OUT TO HER SIDE AND SCREAMED...

I...I'M IN A COFFIN! I'M BURIED  
ALIVE! HE DID IT! HE DID IT!



MYRNA LIFTED HER OTHER HAND AND BEAT HER SMALL FISTS ON THE FIRM WALLS AROUND HER! AGAIN SHE SHRIEKED...

OH, LORD...HELP ME! SOMEBODY, HELP ME! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE!

EEEEEEEEEE...



THEN MYRNA BEGAN TO SOB! SHE HAD HER WRAPPED FINGERS AROUND HER WOODEN PRISON! THE BUZZING IN HER HEAD CRIPED INTO HER BRAIN...

I'M SUFFOCATING! THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING! THE BUZZING...I...I...I'M GOING TO DIE!



MYRNA REACHED DOWN AND TOUCHED THE HEAVY ROPE THAT CUT INTO HER REARER CHEEK...

HE...HE TIED ME DOWN! BUT HE FORGOT MY HANDS!



SHE UNDOED THE KNOT AND BREATHED HARD AS SHE PULSED THE ROPES RAGE! BUT THE HUMMING SOUND CONTINUED...

I...I'M GETTING DIZZY! I FEEL MYSELF FALLING! HELP! SOMEBODY...PLEASE HELP ME!



MYRNA'S COFFIN PRISON SEEMED TO BE TURNING, SPINNING! HER LEGS WERE STILL TIED AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HER TO REACH THE ROPES THAT SECURED THEM! SHE LAY BACK GASPING...

I...I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE'VE ACTUALLY DID IT! HE'D THREATENED TO DO IT SO OFTEN! HE KNEW I WAS AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! EVEN SINCE I WAS A CHILD.



I REMEMBER THE INCIDENT SO WELL! I WAS PLAYING IN AN OLD ABANDONED MINE! I MUST HAVE JAMMED A RHINO'S POLS LOCKS, BECAUSE THE NEXT THING I SAW...

THE ROOF! IT'S COMING IN! EEEEEEE...



IT TOOK THEM FOUR HOURS TO DIG THEIR WAY THROUGH TO ME! I CRIED ALL THE WHILE! FINALLY, THE BLACK DIRT FELL AWAY, AND A SHINY FACE SHINED AT ME...

FOR...FOR... FOR... I'M GOING TO DIE!

TAKE IT EASY, BOB! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT NOW! WE'VE GOT YOU! YOU'RE SAFE!



EVER, EVER SINCE THEN, I'VE BEEN DEATHLY AFRAID OF BEING BURIED ALIVE! HERE WHEN IT! I TOLD HIM ON OUR FIRST DATE! HE'D GONE TO ONE OF THOSE AMUSEMENT PARKS...

I'M SORRY, MYRNA! DON'T BE A PRUDE! IT'S THE FUNNEL OF LOVE!

NO, HERE! NO! I'M AFRAID!

WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF, MYRNA? IT'S JUST A BARN PLACE WHERE WE CAN...

IT'S SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME WHEN I WAS A KID HERE! I WAS CAUGHT IN A CARNIVAL! EVER SINCE THEN...



"YES! HERE WHEN! AND LATER WHEN WE WERE MARRIED, HE USED TO JOKE ABOUT IT..."

IF I DON'T GET A GREAT BIG HUSBAND AND A NICE JUICY JOBS THIS VERY MOMENT... I'M GOING TO GET A ROLE AND PUT YOU IN AND BURY YOU ALIVE!

HERE! STOP IT!



HERE NEVER MADE MUCH MONEY AND I WAS PRETTY HARD ON HIM! HE BEGAN TO ARGUE A LOT! THAT'S WHEN HE STARTED TO THREATEN ME...

LEAVE ME ALONE, MYRNA! I DO THE BEST I CAN! THERE'S JUST NO CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT RIGHT NOW!

LOOK AT ME! I HAVEN'T BOUGHT A NEW DRESS IN MONTHS!



I'LL BUY YOU A NEW DRESS... WHEN I BURY YOU ALIVE!

STOP IT, HERE! STOP TALKING LIKE THAT!



MYRNA GASPED! THE HUMMING WAS LOUDER NOW! SHE FELT A WAVE OF NAUSEA SWEEP OVER HER... FELT HERSELF SPINNING DIZZILY...

AND HE DID IT! HERE FINALLY DID IT! I'M GOING TO DIE! BURIED ALIVE! HE'S BURIED ME ALIVE LIKE HE BURIED ME IN THAT STINKING MIRROR TOWN...



... HERE TALKED ME INTO MOVING TO THAT HOTTER HOLE... BUILT FROM SOMEWHERE... AND I FOOLISHLY WENT! HE'D BEEN OFFERED A JOB WITH A CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT! WE HAD TO DRIVE THREE DAYS OVER BAD ROADS TO REACH IT...

WELL, MYRNA! THIS IS IT! IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT THE PAY IS GOOD, AND WE'VE NO TIME AT ALL.

IT'S HORRIBLE... DON'T WORRY! NOTHING BUT A SHIT SMARTY TOWN! THAT'S ALL.





"I WAS CRAZY TO HAVE LISTENED TO HIM! BUT I WAS FREAKED! I HAD TO STAY! EVERY DAY HERS WOULD GO OFF TO THE ONE-PIES AND LEAVE ME IN THAT FILTHY NOVEL I WAS FORCED TO GALL HOME..."

"I HATE IT HERE!  
HATE IT!"

"AND THEN I MET ANDY! ANDY WORKED WITH HERS' ONE MERT. HERS BROUGHT HIM HOME TO DINNER..."

"THIS IS MY WIFE MYRNA! ROBERT MEET ANDY GARRON!"

"HOW DO, MYRNA?"

"HELLO!"

"I DON'T KNOW WHY IT HAPPENED OR HOW IT HAPPENED! PERHAPS I WAS BORED WITH HERS... BORED WITH THE CRAZY LIFE I WAS LIVING! ANYWAY, I FELL IN LOVE WITH ANDY GARRON."

"LOOK, MYRNA! THIS IS WRONG! ALL WRONG!"

"HERS' AT THE ONE-PIES, ANDY! HE'LL BE HOME TELL MIGHTY! KISS ME!"

"I SAW ANDY EVERY CHANCE I COULD GET! TO MAKE SOME EXCUSE AND GO FOR A WALK... AND MEET HIM WHERE WE WOULDN'T BE SEEN..."

"WHAT ABOUT HER, MYRNA? DOES HE SUSPECT?"

"NOT A BIT! HE'S TOO STUPID, TOO BLIND!"

"BUT I WAS MISTAKEN! HERS DID SUSPECT! ONE NIGHT..."

"I'D BETTER GO, MYRNA! HERS'LL BE DOMING OFF HIS SHIFT SOON!"

"YES! KISS ME GOOD-NIGHT, ANDY GARRON!"

"HERS MUST HAVE GONE OFF HIS SHIFT EARLY THAT NIGHT, INTENDING TO CATCH US! SO ANDY TOOK ME IN HIS ARMS, THE FRONT DOOR BEING OPEN..."

"HERE!"

"TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HER, GARRON!"

"HERE WAS MAD, STEAMING MAD! I TRIED TO SAY SOMETHING..."

"WE... WE WERE GOING TO TELL YOU, HERE! WE..."

"SHUT UP! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

"SOLD ON A MINUTE, HERE! I..."

ANDY NEVER FINISHED HIS SENTENCE! HEBS HIT HIM WITH ALL HIS WEIGHT AND ANDY'S MOUTH SPURTED BLOOD! THEN HEBS THREW HIM THROUGH THE DOOR, SLAMMED IT, AND LOCKED IT.

HEBS!  
I...

HOW I'M GOING  
TO TAKE CARE OF  
YOU MYRNA!

HERE HE CAME AT ME! I BACKED AWAY! HE PICKED UP A POKER FROM THE COAL STOVE AS HE PASSED...

YOU'RE CHEAP  
AND ROTTEN!  
YOU SHOULD BE  
DEAD. MYRNA!  
DEAD!

PUT DOWN  
THAT POKER,  
HEBS! DON'T!

I'M NOT GOING  
TO KILL YOU WITH  
IT, MYRNA! NO!  
THAT'S TOO SHORT...  
TO GOOD FOR YOU!  
I'M JUST GOING TO  
PUT YOU OUT  
FOR A WHILE...

PLEASE,  
HEBS!  
I'M  
SORRY!  
I STILL  
LOVE  
YOU!  
PLEASE!



HE CAME AT ME, BLARING! HE SHARLED NEARLY!

THEN YOU KNOW WHAT I'M  
GOING TO DO, MYRNA? I'M GOING  
TO PUT YOU IN A FIRE BOX AND  
BURY YOU ALIVE! YES! YOU'VE  
ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF THAT!

NO! NO,  
HEBS!  
PLEASE...  
DDB...DDB.



HE WAS SHOUTING AS HE BROUGHT THE POKER DOWN ON MY HEAD...

THAT'S THE WAY YOU'RE GOING TO  
DIE, MYRNA! BURIED ALIVE!



THE ROARING WAS LOUDER NOW! MYRNA HAD TO SHOUT INTO THE BLACKNESS TO HEAR HERSELF ABOVE IT.

AND HE DID IT...DDB, DDB! HE'S  
BURIED ME ALIVE!



SHE POUNDED HER RAW AND BLEEDING FISTS AGAINST HER FIRE PRISON, SCREAMING...

I'M GOING TO DIE! I'M GOING TO DIE!



MYRNA WAS CRACKING NOW! THE TERROR OF THE SITUATION... THE HORROR OF HER IMPENDING DEATH... HER ABNORMAL FEAR OF WHAT SHE NOW ACTUALLY FACED... ALL ADDED UP TO THE BREAKING POINT...

**YAAAAAAEEAAGHH!**



YEAH, DOC? I KNOW! DO YOU THINK SHE'LL PULL THROUGH?

DON'T KNOW FOR SURE! IF THEY CAN GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL AT BUTTE IN TIME, AN OPERATION COULD SAVE HER!



PRETTY CLEVER OF AROY, DR. DOC?

BACK AT THE WHEAT TOWN, IN THE SNACK THEY'VE CONVERTED TO A JAIL, AROY AND SEVERAL OTHERS QUESTIONED HENK...

IF SHE DIES... HENK, YOU'LL GO ON TRIAL FOR MURDER!

I... I COULDN'T HELP IT! I SAW RED! I HIT HER WITH THE POKER!

LUCKY FOR YOU THE MAIL-PLANE WAS IN, HENK!



YOU MEAN SUGGESTING WE FLY HER DOWN LIKE THEY EVACUATE THE WOUNDED OVER IN KOREA? THAT PLANE COULD NEVER HOLD A STRETCHER INSIDE!

BUT HOOKIN THAT BOX ON THE OUTSIDE... THAT DO THE TRICK!



ON THE AIRFIELD IN BUTTE, A SMALL MAIL-PLANE STANDS QUIETLY! FASTENED TO ITS SIDE IS A LARGE PINE BOX, SOMEWHAT RESEMBLING A COFFIN! THEY'VE OPENED THE BOX NOW, TO REMOVE MYRNA AND RUSH HER TO THE HOSPITAL! BUT MYRNA DOESN'T SEE THE BLUE SKY ABOVE HER! IN HER MIND, SHE STILL HEARS THE DROWNING SOUND... STILL SEES THE BLACKNESS AROUND HER! SHE BEATS HER HAIR AND BLOODY FISTS AT THE AIR...

BURIED... ALIVE... BURIED... ALIVE... BUR... ER... ER... ER... ER... ER... ER...

POOR WOMAN! THE SLOW MUST HAVE DAMAGED HER BRAIN!

SHE'S COMPLETELY OUT OF HER MIND!



HEH, HEH! YEP! MYRNA'S CRAZY AS A LOOK NOW! THEY'VE PUT HER AWAY IN A PADDED CELL SO SHE WON'T BREAK HER FISTS AS SHE POUNDS THE WALLS! AND YOU'LL POUND THE WALLS WHEN YOU GET MY BLASTED BACK ISSUES! THEY'RE GOOD READERS! READ MY COLUMN, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER, FOR INFO ON HOW TO OBTAIN 'EM! AND NOW I SMELL THE OLD WITCH'S CABBAGE, SO I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO HER!



# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HELMS! I'M COOKIN' UHNT! SMELL THE FETID ODOR! IT'S THE EVIL BREW IN MY CAULDRON! COME INJUNE INTO THE HAUNT OF FEAR! YES! IT'S YOUR SHIVER-CHEK, THE OLD WITCH, READY TO DASH OUT ANOTHER DREEPY CONCOCTION OF SLIMY SAMPINES! HEE, HEE! SO DRAW UP CLOSE TO THE FIRE. KNEEL DOWN SO YOUR KNEES WON'T SHOCK. FASTEN YOUR SHOCK CAPS. TUCK YOUR BARROWS UNDER YOUR CHINS. AND I'LL FEED YOU THE WOUND HORSEZ OF MELDORAMIC MADNESS I CALL...

## A SUCKER FOR A SPIDER!



MAXWELL STONEMAN, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNTY BANK AND TRUST COMPANY, PUSHED HIS CHAIR AWAY FROM THE ELABORATELY SET DINNER TABLE IN THE DINING ROOM OF HIS LUXURIOUS MANSION. HE SPINNED DOWN AT HIS DIMMER GUEST. THE BANK'S CHIEF TELLER, RANDOLPH SPURD...

COME, SPURD! BEFORE WE HAVE OUR COFFEE, I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING! SOMETHING I THINK YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN! MY COLLECTION OF RARE SPIDERS!

SPIDERS? OH, DEAR!



WEALTHY BANKER STONEMAN LED HIS BEER-LOOKING CHIEF TELLER THROUGH THE RICHLY FURNISHED LIVING ROOM INTO A GLASS-WALLED GREEN-HOUSE.

SPIDERS HAVE BEEN TO I DO MY HONOR FOR YEARS, LIKE SPURD! I'VE SPECIMENS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD!



COVERING ONE WALL OF THE GREEN-HOUSE WAS A LINE OF GLASS CASES. EACH CASE CONTAINED A BOWL BOTTOM AND WAS ARTISTICALLY PLANTED WITH FOLIAGE.

I LOVE THEM, SPURD! AN AMAZING CREATURE! TAKE THIS ONE FOR EXAMPLE.



MAX STONEMAN POINTED THROUGH THE FRONT GLASS OF ONE OF THE CASES. INSIDE, A HUGE, HAIRY, EIGHT-LEGGED CREATURE CRUCIATED ON A BROAD LEAF.

THIS IS A TARANTULA! IS IT I GOT THIS ONE FROM A SEAMAN ON A BANANA BOAT? WHEN IT MATURES, IT WILL MEASURE 300... WITH EIGHT LIMBS ACROSS!



IT CAN SPINE YOU PRETTY BADLY, BUT ITS BITE ISN'T TOO TOXIC! IT'S ABOUT AS BAD AS WASP'S BITE! THERE AREN'T MANY SPIDERS WHOSE BITES ARE POISONOUS! THE BLACK WIDOW IS ABOUT THE ONLY SPIDER FOUND IN THE UNITED STATES THAT CAN KILL A MAN!

I'M DEATHLY AFRAID OF SPIDERS, MR. STONEMAN! CAN'T WE TALK BUSINESS NOW?



BANKER STONEMAN TOOK HIS CHIEF TELLER BY THE ARM AND LED HIM TO ANOTHER CASE.

LATER, SPURD! FIRST I MUST SHOW YOU THE PRIZE OF MY COLLECTION! WHAT A LOVELY WEB! IT'S SPUM!



MR. STONEMAN REACHED DOWN BELOW THE SPIDER-CASE AND PICKED UP A LARGE JAR COVERED AT THE TOP WITH CHEESE-CLOTH.

I WANT YOU TO WATCH WHAT THE VERMULA DOES TO ONE OF ITS VICTIMS, SPURD! THIS IS A BOTTLE OF FLIES!

PLEASE, MR. STONEMAN! DON'T.



MAXWELL STONEMAN CAPTURED ONE OF THE IMPRISONED FLIES FROM THE JAR AND HELD IT IN HIS CLOSED FIST. THEN HE OPENED THE SPIDER CASE AND FLUNG THE UNFORTUNATE INSECT INTO THE VERMULA'S WEB.

THERE! HEH, REMEMBER HOW THE LITTLE FELLOW STICKS THERE!

POOR THING! IT'S STRUGGLING TO FREE ITSELF!



THE TRAPPED FLY TWISTED AND TURNED IN AN EFFORT TO TEAR ITSELF FROM THE WEB...

IT WON'T GET LOOSE, SPUND! THE VERMULA'S WEB IS COVERED WITH A THICK ADHESIVE COATING!

THE SPIDER'S COMING!

YES! NOW...WATCH! SEE NOW THE VERMULA SINKS ITS FANGS INTO THE FLY? IT PARALYZES ITS VICTIM!

OH...DEAR!

THEN IT BEGINS TO SPIN A COVING AROUND THE FLY! BEEP! BEEP! SEE NOW IT TURNS THE FLY OVER AND OVER, SPINNING ITS WEB AROUND IT LIKE A COCOON!

AND THE FLY IS IT STILL ALIVE?

EXACTLY! THE VERMULA WILL KEEP THE FLY THAT WAY UNTIL IT IS READY TO EAT IT! AT THAT TIME IT WILL INJECT THE FLY WITH AN ENZYME WHICH ACTS AS A PRE-DIGESTION AGENT! THEN THE SPIDER BENELI SUCKS UP THE LIQUIDIFIED INSIDES OF THE FLY, LEAVING ONLY A DRY OUTER SHELL, WHICH IT DISCARDS!

UGH! NOW DISGUSTING!

YOU LOOK SHOCKED AND CRUEL OF YOU, SPUND!

I AM, SIR! AND I THINK IT'S SADISTIC TO THROW THOSE POOR FLIES INTO THAT VICIOUS SPIDER'S WEB!

COME, COME, MAN! I'VE GOT THAT VERMULA IN A CASE! IN ITS NATURAL HABITAT IN THE SOUTHERN SWAMPS OF NORTH AMERICA, IT WOULD NORMALLY TRAP FLIES IN ITS WEB!

IT'S REVOLTING!

DON'T BE SELF, SPUND! THAT'S NATURE! YOU KNOW, DOG EAT DOG! IN THIS CASE IT'S SPIDER EAT FLY! THAT'S THE WAY IT SURVIVES! AND WE ALL STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE! WE'VE ALL GOT TO BE LIKE THAT SPIDER... IN A WAY!

PERHAPS... PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! I... I NEVER THOUGHT OF IT THAT WAY! H'HEH!

HANDOLPH SPURD FOLLOWED HIS EMPLOYER OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE INTO THE LUXURIOUS LIVING ROOM.

ALL RIGHT, SPURD! WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? YOU INVITED YOURSELF HERE TONIGHT! WHAT'S UP?

WELL, SIR! I... I'VE NOTICED SOMETHING WRONG AT THE BANK, SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG!

OH? IT'S THE BOOKS, SIR! THEY DON'T BALANCE! IN FACT... I WOULD SAY SOMEONE IS... OH... STEALING FROM THE BANK, SIR! I CAME HERE TONIGHT TO... ER... WARN YOU! YOU SEE... I KNOW WHO THAT SOMEONE IS!

YOU... YOU DO?

YES, MR. STONEMAN! WHEN I FIRST CAME TONIGHT, I INTENDED TO LET YOU KNOW I KNEW ABOUT THE DISCREPANCY IN THE BOOKS SO THAT YOU COULD REPLACE THE MONEY AND NOTHING MORE WOULD BE SAID!

ARE YOU ACCUSING ME, SPURD?

BUT, AFTER HEARING YOUR TALK TONIGHT... ABOUT SPIDER EAT FLY... DOES EAT DOB... I'VE DECIDED TO FORGET THAT I NOTICED ANYTHING WRONG.

OH?

FOR, SAY... FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS! THAT ISN'T MUCH, MR. STONEMAN, COMPARED TO FIFTY... TWO THOUSAND!



SO... IT'S BLACKMAIL, IS IT? YOU WANT A PAYOFF, ER?

LET US CALL IT A STRUGGLE TO SURVIVE, SIR! YOU PAY ME... AND YOU SURVIVE! LIKE YOU SAID, SIR... IT'S NATURE!

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF SILENCE, AND THEN MARWELL STONEHAM BEGAN TO LAUGH! HIS ROARS OF MIRTH ECHOED THROUGH THE HOUSE...

HEH... HEH! ALL RIGHT, SPURD! YOU WIN! I'M PROUD OF YOU! I DIDN'T THINK YOU HAD IT IN YOU! FIVE GRAND, ER? IT'S A DEAL!

AND EVERYTHING STAYS EXACTLY AS IT WAS! I KEEP MY JOB! THAT'S IN THE DEAL, TOO!



OF COURSE, SPURD!  
OF COURSE! I'VE  
HARD FEELINGS!  
I'M TRAPPED— LIKE  
THAT FLY YOU'RE  
NOW!



GOOD THEN  
I'LL BE  
BOOKS!

DON'T BE SILLY! YOU'LL  
STAY THE NIGHT! WE'LL  
DRIVE IN TOGETHER  
IN THE MORNING! NO  
USE GOING NOW! IT'S  
SO LATE!



I DON'T  
KNOW.

DON'T WORRY, SPURD!  
I'M NOT GOING TO TALK  
ANYTHING! I'D BE A  
FOOL!



YES, MR.  
STONE MAN!  
YOU MIGHT  
GET ALL  
RIGHT! I'LL  
STAY!

THAT NIGHT, A SHADY FIGURE CROSSED THE STORE-  
MAN LIVING ROOM TO THE GREENHOUSE.



YOU BET I'M TRAPPED LIKE  
THAT FLY, SPURD! AND YOU'LL  
CONTINUE TO BLAME ME!  
TILL YOU SOON ME DRY LIKE  
THE FERMULA WILL SUCK THAT  
FLY DRY!

ONE OF THE GLASS CASES CREAKED OPEN AND A  
GLOVED HAND SPOT IN, CLUTCHING A SMALL CON-  
TAINER.



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU DO  
THAT, SPURD! I PROMISED I WOULDN'T  
DO ANYTHING TO YOU... BUT I SAID  
NOTHING ABOUT ONE OF MY SPIDERS!  
ONE OF MY BLACK-WIDOW SPIDERS!

THE DOOR TO THE BEDROOM WHERE RICHARD SPURD  
SLEPT SLOWLY OPENED SLOWLY AND NOISELESSLY!  
THE FIGURE MOVED THROUGH, APPROACHING THE BED.  
MARKELL STONEMAN LIFTED THE COVERS AND EMPLOYED  
THE CONTENTS OF THE CONTAINER UNDER THEM.

THERE, LITTLE BLACK-WIDOW! I'VE ARRANGED  
YOU AND FORGOTTEN YOU! NOW TAKE YOUR  
ANSWER OUT ON ME!



AS MARKELL STONEMAN SLIPPED OUT INTO THE HALL  
AND CLOSED THE BED-ROOM DOOR, AN EAR-SPLITTING  
SCREAM ECHOED THROUGH THE HALLWAY.



EEEEAAAGH!

HEH-  
HEH!



THE NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE CAME AN ANSWER TO MAXWELL STONEMAN'S 'FRANTIC' PHONECALL! THEY QUESTIONED MAX ABOUT RANDOLPH SPURD'S UNFORTUNATE DEATH! MAX WAS 'HEARTBROKEN'...

THE DDC SAYS A BLACK-WIDOW KILLED HIM, MR. STONEMAN! HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW THE SPIDER GOT OUT OF ITS CASE?

NO! I SHOWED MR. SPURD MY COLLECTION LAST NIGHT! HE WARS THE CASE DOOR WAS LEFT OPEN!

THE POLICE INSPECTOR HAMMERED AWAY, BUT COULD PROVE NOTHING...

I INVITED HIM TO MY HOUSE, SPOONFEED! I DO THAT OFTEN FOR MY EMPLOYEES! I LIKE TO MAKE THEM FEEL I AM THEIR FRIENDS AS WELL AS THEIR EMPLOYER!

OHAY, MR. STONEMAN! THAT'LL BE ALL! WRAP IT UP, BOYS! JUST AN ACCIDENT! THAT'S ALL!



BUT MAXWELL STONEMAN DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THE POLICE INSPECTOR EYED HIM! MAX DECIDED IT MIGHT BE BETTER TO GET OUT OF THE STATE FOR A FEW MONTHS TILL THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN...

YOUR PLANE IS READY, MR. STONEMAN! GOING SOUTH?

YES, GEORGE! GOING TO WASH FOR A FEW MONTHS!



MR. STONEMAN OWNED HIS OWN PLANE! HE WAS AN EXPERT PILOT, FLYING IT ALL OVER THE COUNTRY FOR BUSINESS AND PLEASURE! THE NEXT DAY, HIGH OVER GEORGIA...

HE WAS TO BE IN WASH IN TWO HOURS! THAT'S THE OXFORDSWOPE SWAMP! DOWN THERE NOW! I...



SUDDENLY, THE ENGINE SPUTTERED AND DIED! THE PLANE BEGAN TO LOOSE ALTITUDE...

GOOD LORD! THE ENGINE'S GONKED OUT! I'M GONNE DOWN!



MAX TUMBLED OUT OF THE TINY PLANE'S DOOR AS IT WENT INTO A SPIR! HIS CHUTE BUSHROOMED OPEN AND HE BEGAN TO FLOAT LAZILY TOWARD THE FORE-BODDING SWAMP BELLO...

NOT A SIGN OF A ROAD OR A CABIN! I'M RIGHT OVER THE WORST SECTION OF THE OXFORDSWOPE... THE PART THAT NO MAN IS SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO FIND HIS WAY OUT OF!



MAX DROPPED INTO A THICKLY OVERGROWN SPOT! HIS CHUTE SNARLED IN A MOSS-LADEN CYPRESS TREE AND HE HUNG HELPLESSLY, DAMNED ABOVE THE STAGNANT FOUL-SMELLING WATER.

I'VE GOTT... TO... BUT MYSELF LOOSE! THANK GOODNESS I HAVE A KNIFE!



BARKER STONEMAN HURLED AWAY BY THE SHUTE CORDS UNTIL HE CUT HIMSELF FREE! HE PLUNGED DOWNWARD TOWARD THE SWAMP SURFACE! SUDDENLY—

MAX LOOKED AROUND! HE SEEMED TO BE LYING UPON SOME SORT OF HUGE NET! HE STRUGGLED TO FREE HIMSELF!

WHAT THE...? I'VE FALLEN INTO SOMETHING!

THE NET! IT'S ALL STICKY! IT'S LIKE A... A HUGE SPIDER WEB!

THE MORE BARKER STONEMAN TRIED TO ESCAPE THE MORE HOPELESSLY ENTAILED HE BECAME! SUDDENLY A MOVEMENT CAUGHT MAX'S EYE! A HUGE Hairy SHAPE LOOKED UP, BEHIND HIM.

THE DISGUSTING THING SPRANG AT MAX, DRIPPING ITS DRIPPING FANGS IN HIS CHEEK! HE FELT A SHIVING CHILL CREEP OVER HIS BODY! THEN THE GIANTIC SPIDER BEGAN TO COVER HIM WITH ITS SILKY WHITE SPINNINGS.

OH, NO! NO! A VERMULA SPIDER!

HE-E-E-L-P-P-P!

I... I'M PARALYZED! I CAN'T MOVE! THE VERMULA! IT'S... IT'S BEAVING ITS GOODON AROUND ME!

WHEN THE WRECKAGE OF BARKER STONEMAN'S PLANE WAS SPOTTED BY AN AIRLINE PILOT DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE ODEONSWAMP, HELICOPTERS BROUGHT A SEARCHING PARTY IN! THEY FINALLY FOUND HIM... OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIM.

HE... HE SEEMS TO BE COVERED WITH SOME SORT OF SILKY WHITE STUFF!

PROBABLY WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS SUITE!

HE'S NOTHING BUT A DRIED-UP SHELL! ALL OF HIS FLESH AND SUITS SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN SUCKED OUT OF HIS BODY!

ANY?!

ANY? NOTHING! HEE, HEE! MAXIE YELLED DRICE! BEFORE THAT SPIDER GOT THROUGH WITH HIM? WHAT? YOU DUMB THAT A VERMULA SPIDER THAT SIZE EXISTS IN THE ODEONSWAMP? WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE A TRIP DOWN THERE WITH ME SOMETIME... AND SEE? HEE, HEE! I'LL LET YOU TALK TO AN OLD BUDE DOWN THERE! HE'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS OUT HUNTING OUCK AND SPIDED 'ER! 'EYE, NOW! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN THAT AREA OF THE HALLS OF HORROR!

YOU SAY YOU  
DON'T GET OUT MUCH?



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